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[EDITOR'S NOTE: I'm going off the grid for the next 7 days. Back to being a Buddhist...](#)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *I'm going off the grid for the next 7 days. Back to being a Buddhist Monk full-time at the monastery. For the next 7 days, it's just going to be me and my thoughts... with almost no sleep and as much running as I can squeeze in. I've got posts lined up daily, so no worries, but I may post the podcast versions when I return. That's probably how it will go. I'm a LITTLE nervous about it. The last time I did this, I developed a stutter, and my hands wouldn't stop shaking for weeks. But I'm determined to see this through. I want to see where this journey gets me. I've traveled to places in the human mind that most have not seen. Now, I feel like a miner on the quest for gold.*



This is Mike Tyson's hour.

I used to be weak. The type of person that everyone took advantage of. I can say this loudly and proudly. I feel no shame because that's not me anymore. Nope. In reality, it's not so black and white. I'm getting triggered back to my old self all the time. Some triggers last minutes. Some last hours. Some last months. I often go back to my old self. But these are dark times. No time to be the Chauffeur.

This is Mike Tyson's hour.

I need him right now. I live a reality stranger than fiction. I could wake up in Guantanamo or some hell hole in Nicaragua.

Starting a new business at the start of what looks like a recession.

Trying to make sense of it all...

When times are tough. I get tougher. I did 6 miles today. My running crew kicked my ass. I logged 30 miles so far this week and I've got no plans of slowing down. I sat on my ass all winter as I worked on reinventing myself after Tony Robbins put me out of business.

Dramatic?

Why not.

I was ready for the change.

In reality, I'm clarifying my concept of Mike Tyson all the time. Always finding new ways to upgrade him. I'm an artist. But instead of chiseling granite, I chisel my mind. I am the masterpiece. A feat of engineering. A freak. An anomaly. My mugshot belongs in a psychology book somewhere.

But...

My story has an uplifting arc to it.

And, I've got an interesting story to tell.

So, why the hell not?

In exploring the full depth of my childhood trauma... I am aghast by how deep the wounds go. Down to the motherfucking bone. An order of magnitude bigger than I thought it was. ADHD, Depression, Anxiety, PTSD, Codependency, Low Self Esteem, Dyslexia. Wow. I had my work cut out for me. And that doesn't even factor in the den of thieves I used to associate with and profess to love.

Looking back, I see that I was very confused about love. I thought love was hard. I thought love was intense. I thought love meant sacrifice. I thought love meant abandoning myself. Someone who treats you like they might mug you does not love you. No matter how much they say, they do. That's not how love works.

I have to be so careful. Over these past fifteen years, I've trained myself up into a lethal weapon. And, I can be overkill if I'm not careful.

I once was at a fake Korean restaurant with two buddies. Both PhD students. Astrophysicists. I knew one through the dance community, the other I had just met...

Within 10 minutes, I was highly confident that he should dump his girlfriend of 4 years. I was more sure of it than he was. I didn't want to bust his bubble.

But I do struggle to hide my emotions.

He could tell.

How could I be so sure?

Because this guy sounded like a prisoner.

He was miserable.

He was stuck.

He and his girlfriend did not see eye to eye about almost anything.

She was self-absorbed and only concerned about using him to meet her own selfish needs... without much concern about how he felt about it.

He had a mountain of resentments.

He was miserable.

“How do you know when to leave?” He asked.

How could I be so sure?

He wanted me to spill the beans.

To do the heavy lifting for him.

But it wasn't my call.

And I wasn't convinced he was ready to face reality.

But he *was* curious.

How can I be so sure that he should dump this girl?

After all, we just met?

Look, I could be wrong...

But it certainly didn't seem that way.

I told him that he should try to renegotiate his relationship with her.

And if she shuts him down...

That's how you know for sure.

The other side to this story is that I was undeniably better off without my ex.

It's so funny...

Controlling people want to run your life.

But you know what I discovered?

Those same people always had the worst plans for me.

My ex-wife wanted to reduce me to being her chauffeur.

She would have me wear a leash if I let her.

What's her big bright idea?

Go and take care of a 95-year-old man for years.

Yuck.

For no discernible benefit.

Gross.

People will exploit you if you allow them to.

In life, you get what you tolerate.

I had to learn that the hard way.

When I left her, I rediscovered music, I joined a running club, I became a fine salsa and bachata dancer, I became a Buddhist.

I drank from the cup of bachata.

I bathed in beautiful women for years.

I started a dance crew.

I became known around the city as “that dancer guy”.

I wrote a book, started a blog, and a YouTube channel.

I built a movement online.

I got out of depression.

I lost 50 pounds.

I ran upwards of 100 races.

I danced at hundreds of parties.

With thousands of women.

I found my voice.

I wrote for Tony Robbins to his millions of fans.

My words found their way to Times Square.

I used to put myself dead last.

I used to be insanely resentful.

I used to feel obligated to serve other people.

While suppressing my wants.

You may disagree, but I *feel* like an icon.

I’m an expert at having fun.

I’m an adventurer.

I'm a philosopher.

A bodhisattva.

A spiritual athlete.

A cowboy.

A bad motherfucker.

A legend.

But in my ex's eyes...

I ain't shit.

I was her servant.

Her chauffeur.

Her pet.

Her possession to do with whatever she saw fit.

Abusers want the worst for you.

They want you to fit into a tiny box.

They want to make you feel like you're worthless.

They convince you of your worthlessness.

Imagine there was a time when I thought that was love.

Too much projection.

I kept projecting my ethical compass onto a bunch of crooks.

And they robbed me blind.

But not anymore.

Here's what they don't tell you about toxic people: They are addicted to their toxicity.

That's why they fight so hard to defend it.

When someone doubles down... that does NOT mean you're wrong.

They may swear that their version of reality is right, and yours is wrong.

But that does not make it so.

Willfull ignorance is all smoke and mirrors.

Understand how the game is played.

So you don't become a pawn in someone else's life.

When times get tough. Get tougher.

During times of war...

You must have a different mentality...

And this looks like wartime.

During wartime, you forget about the creature comforts.

You feed on pain and suffering.

I let go of my domesticated thinking...

And I feed on vengeance.

Blood lust.

Ruthless competition.

And a healthy dose of masochism.

I must force myself to tap into my hidden reserves.

Find strength in weakness.

I have been skipping lunch to go for a run.

When I run, my appetite is suppressed.

It's counterintuitive, but more running makes my hunger manageable.

Which is great.

Because every last one of my rivals is in better shape than me this running season.

But little do they know how evil I can be when I want to be.

I'm fat and out of shape, and they're all in top condition.

There's only one option.

And it ain't pretty.

I'm almost 40.

Why am I trying to run 10 and 20 milers?

Why meditate for 7 days.

Do you know how hard it is to focus on ONE thing for a whole week?

Why do I put so much passion into my writing?

Why do I dance like my life is a soap opera?

My heyday was yesterday.

No more freebies.

I've bet on me.

I've gone all-in.

I'm taking no prisoners.

Until next time,

Anton

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.



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